

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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NO. 1130

## THE UNFORTUNATE LOVERS.

### A TALE.

BY WINDHAM FOOT JAMES.

[Part the First]

Duty demands the parents' voice  
Should sanctify the daughter's choice;  
In that is due obedience shown;  
To choose belongs to her alone.

MOORE.

At a delightful retirement near a genteel town in Hampshire, lived Mr. Whatley, a gentleman of small fortune, but illustrious family. Early in life he married a beautiful and accomplished woman, who, soon after giving birth to a lovely daughter, sought the realms of eternal and everlasting rest!

Mr. Whatley was almost inconsolable at the loss of his amiable partner, whom he had ever loved with the tenderest affection; but time, that extirpator of sorrow, terminated his grief, and he again suffered himself to be bound in the chains of Hymen.

Alas! what a different character was the first, contrasted with the second Mrs. Whatley! The latter a complete Pandora; her exterior was beautiful, her manners soft and insinuating, whilst her mind was obscured by every depraved and wretched foible. She essayed to prejudice Mr. Whatley against his amiable daughter, and peremptorily commanded him to discard the governess, and send Elvina to a public seminary. Remonstrances were totally disregarded; the lovely child was accordingly taken to the metropolis, and put under the care and tuition of Mr. Lloyd, a lady of many virtues and superior accomplishments. Elvina, as she inherited the vigorous faculties of her angelic mother, soon made an astonishing progress in every branch of polite literature and useful knowledge. She acquired with facility, and indeed almost intuitively, all those accomplishments which are necessary for ladies, in half the time that is usually spent in such acquisitions by the generality of her sex.

Scarcely had she reached her eighteenth year, when her beloved preceptress was consigned to the tomb. Consequently Mr. Whatley arrived in town, and carried his daughter to the villa. Eomity and malignity rankled in the bosom of his wife, when she beheld the transcendent beauty of Evelina. She had not seen her since her first removal. Her elegance of form surpassed even the productions of the art of a Guido. She was tall, and formed by the finest hand of nature. Her complexion rivalled the snowy whiteness of the lily. Her eyes were black as jet, fringed with long silken auburn lashes, which looked extremely soft and feminine, and peculiarly fascinating. Her nose was a handsome aquiline, and rather prominent. Her cheeks transcended the loveliest bloom of the peach blossom. Her mouth was

a portal of coral, ranged with teeth whiter than pearls. A profusion of glossy auburn tresses shaded her fine countenance, which, I may say without exaggeration, was as beautiful as ever was gazed on by mortal.

Nature had been very sparing of her endowments, both personal and mental, to Mrs. Whatley's children (she had three sons and two daughters), and Elvina's beauty totally eclipsed the few graces which they possessed. Of this their mother was fully apprized, and it augmented her antipathy towards the lovely Elvina.

While at school Miss Whatley contracted an intimacy with Marianne Crofton (they were coevals at Mrs. Lloyd's), and a friendship was cemented between them on a basis more permanent than juvenile friendship usually are. Often Elvina begged leave of her rather to pass a few weeks at Willowdale, the seat of Mrs. Crofton; he always granted her request, well knowing what indignities she received from her mother-in-law, and her brothers and sisters. The only happiness experienced by Elvina was in visiting the amiable Croftons.

Augustus (Mrs Crofton's only son), was a noble, ingenious and accomplished youth; he was likewise elegant in his person, and graceful in his demeanour. Often would the tear of commiserating sympathy gem his fine and intelligent eyes at hearing the relation of the sorrow of Elvina. Frequently would he carelessly wander with her and his beloved sister in the umbrageous walks at their elysian residence, whilst he listened enraptured to the refined and judicious conversation of Miss Whatley. He ardently and zealously adored her; and at length

• He declared his love;

She owned his merit, nor refused his hand.

And shall not Hymen light his brightest torch

For this delighted pair?"

But, alas! how evanescent is all sublunary happiness! This was fully experienced by the amiable Augustus and Elvina; for their bliss passing like morning clouds, and, as the dew it vanishes away. The torch of Hymen, the smiles of Cupid, and the loves of Venus, were exchanged by the ignominious and flagitious encumbrance of a parent, for melancholy and despair, and finally for the sable apparatus of the tomb.

A newly created baronet, who had signalized himself by his bravery and military prowess, and who had accumulated an immense fortune in India, came to reside within about three miles distant of Mr. Whatley, with whom he soon became intimately acquainted. Sir Launcelet Jarrett, though he was so eminently conspicuous on the theatre of the world, was not possessed of any's great virtues; in fact, he was a licentious and abandoned libertine. This gentleman frequently saw Miss Whatley at her father's, and became greatly enamoured of her beauty and graceful elegance. After some short time, he avowed his passion. She politely rejected his suit, and obliquely intimated a prior engagement. The baronet, however, was not so easily to be repulsed; he complained to Mr.

Whatley of his daughter's inflexibility, and entreated him to intercede in his favour, at the same time assuring him, that if he could obtain her consent, he would procure lucrative situations for his two younger sons in India.

This was too advantageous an offer to be rejected. Mr. Whatley courteously thanked the baronet, and promised to devise every mean in his power to effect an alteration in Elvina's sentiments. Elated with ideas of ambitious prospects, this infatuated parent sought his daughter's presence, and begun descending on the grandeur and eminence to which she was to be raised. Thence Elvina heard him with tacit chagrin, whilst her soul was harrowed in dismay, and her speech was quite stunted. But ere he quitted the room, she recovered the faculty of utterance, and bursting into tears, she avowed her unalienable affection for Augustus.

"You must implicitly submit to my wishes, Elvina," said Mr. Whatley. "I will not hear such nugatory and romantic nonsense. Sir Launcelet has promised that, if you would consent to be his, he will procure places of great emolument for Alfred and Rupert; and would you not wish to see your relatives advantageously situated?"

"And would my father," answered the beautiful girl, "wish to sacrifice my peace for sordid lucre, and purchase those aggrandizements, of which you, alas! speak so earnestly, at the expense and forfeiture of my happiness? I wish to see my brothers and sisters eligibly situated, and would do any thing for them, consistent with my own tranquillity; but I cannot, indeed, comply with your present request."

"Absurd and preposterous girl!" rejoined the father, "the baronet has made you an offer of his hand, and I peremptorily avow that you must accept it. When accompanied by a splendid retinue, and every pageantry that wealth can procure, you will despise the abject equipage of Crofton, and will bless the hour in which you became Lady Jarrett. Think, my dear girl," continued he, relaxing from his asperity, "that I admonish you for your advantage; and will you, who have ever been dutiful and obedient, refuse me this my most earnest request."

"Alas! Sir," returned the weeping Elvina, "if it will add to your happiness, I forego my own peace, and submit; but quiet and repose will, ever afterwards, be strangers to this perturbed bosom. I despise and disregard ostentation and splendour. Ah! how infinitely more happy should I be at Willowdale, with the society of Augustus, than in the gorgeous castle of Jarrett? Can I absolve those vows I have given to Mr. Crofton? Will he not accuse me of instability and fickleness? Were my dear mother alive, would she thus endeavour to counteract my inclination? Ah! no, she would approve my choice, and grant me her benediction. Oh! my father, urge me not to inexorable misery."

These last words softened Mr. Whatley, and he was retiring in disconcerted silence to the window, when the door burst open, and Mrs. Whatley entered saying: "But know, madam

that I am now your mother, and as such, will exercise my authority. Be assured, that ere another week elapses, you shall be the wife of Sir Lancelot."

Elvina essayed to reply, but her tears and extreme perturbation prevented her. Mr. Whatley said not a word, being constrained to submit to his wife's caprice and poulance. This diabolical and virulent woman instigated him to confine his daughter, and dissemble sickness, as proceeding from the effects of her contumaciousness, until she assented to their proposals. The lovely girl was prohibited pea, pork, and paper; she could therefore neither send to her friend Marianne, nor to her beloved Augustus.

Mr. Whatley feigned a disposition so extremely well, that the unsuspecting and credulous Elvina thought her inexorable had brought him to the verge of the grave.

The baronet, in the mean, was a constant visitor. He was apprized of the deception, and with Mrs. Whatley, frequently implored the almost distracted girl to save the life of her father. She was at length overcome by their importunate persuasions, and, in bitterness of sorrow and anguish, consented to become the wife of Jarrett. "But," said she addressing these obdurate demons, "ere the dreadful ceremony is solemnized suffer me to write to my friends at willow-dale: to exculpate my reprehensible and unjustifiable conduct, as they will most assuredly think it." This request Mrs. Whatley at first refused compliance with; but her fertile and sophistical mind suggested, that she could easily suppress the letter, and, with malign pleasure she consented. Accordingly, the sorrowful and dejected Elvina wrote to the amiable youth of her most ardent affection the subsequent words:—

"Ere this unconnected epistle reaches my once beloved Augustus—once beloved!—ah!—I shall be the miserable wife of Sir Lancelot Jarrett, a man whom I abominate and despise. Oh, Augustus! I was constrained to this detested union. Ah! think it not my own choice! My poor father, had I not consented, would have descended to the grave—would to heaven I were true!—Here I shall never more know rest. Tell my dear Marianne that I still love her as a sister. She will, I know, with her amiable brother, bemoan the destiny of their once-blessed Elvina. Oh, Augustus! we must now forget each other, and commit all that is past to oblivion. I wish not to exist, and hope soon to be numbered with the silent dead:—and ah! dear youth,

"When I'm laid low in the cold grave forgotten,  
May you be happy in a lovely fair one,  
But none can ever love you like Elvina."

"Adieu, Augustus!—I will not say forever for soon shall we meet in heaven, emancipated from frail and mortal nature, and our then happy spirits will unite to part no more! This reflection will, I hope assuage the grief of your faithful breast. Once more adieu! farewell!"

"ELVINA."

This letter was given to Mrs. Whatley, who solemnly assured the hapless writer, that it should by the next post, be sent to Willow-dale; but when she had left the presence of Elvina, this worthless woman broke it open and after reading the contents, consigned it to the flames!

(To be concluded in our next.)

Choose your wife on a Saturday, not on a Sunday

# *A brief sketch of the Times, with a digressional Postscript to Maria.*

Some sing the horrors of the embattled plain,  
Where for the advance with glittering arms,  
Of heroes conquered, and of heroes slain,  
Dreadful alarms!

Some sing the dangers of the faithless deep,  
Where storms tempestuous rule in dreadful gloom,  
Of Shipwreck'd Lovers, and of Maids that weep  
Their early doom.

Th' Astronomer, with microscopic eyes,  
A soaring genius and capacious mind,  
Sings the 'bright order' of the starry skies,  
Science refin'd!

Some use their talents in Devotion's cause,  
And deck with lasting laurels Virtue's shrine—  
Some through the labyrinth of Nation's Laws,  
Conspicuous shine.

Some roll in opulence, and can command  
Earth's luxuries, to deck the spacious dome—  
While haggard poverty, with cringing hand,  
Oppresses some.

Some sing the city, some the rural life,  
That has its pleasures, this can boast its charms,  
Oh! envied state, to live retired from strife,  
'In beauty's arms!'

Some sing the beauties of the fragrant Spring,  
And strike to loftiest notes the sounding wire;  
While I, fond youth, enraptur'd love to sing,  
Maria tunes my lyre!

Her lovely form's adorn'd with every grace;  
O'er her white neck her beauteous tresses flow,  
The fairest traits of beauty o'er her face  
United glow.

Her brilliant eyes a nobler mind bespeak,  
Her modest looks a virtuous heart disclose,  
The varied tints that glow upon her cheek  
Surpass the rose!

Her lips, like rose buds moisten'd with the dew,  
Breathe fragrance sweeter than the vernal morn,  
Her snow white teeth arrang'd in order true,  
Her smiles adorn.

But what are these compar'd with her pure mind,  
They fade like stars before Sol's morning beam—  
Her gentle nature, affable and kind,  
Commands esteem.

'Tis her delight the troubled mind to calm,  
To sooth the sorrowing child of misery,  
And, in the wounded heart to pour the balm  
Of sympathy.

O'er all her actions love and virtue reign,  
Her smiles from every care the mind can free—  
Transporting thought! Maria yet may deign  
To smile on me!

## THE POINTED EPIGRAM

An Eton boy, who did not want for wit,  
In careless haste his exercise had writ;  
How dare you, blockhead, quoth the master, bring  
An epigram to me that has no sting?  
Pray, sir, forgive me, said the youth, this once,  
Another time you shall not call me dunce.  
A wasp, next day, the dexterous stripling caught,  
And, wrapped in paper, to his master brought;  
What have you here? the purblind doctor cries,  
An epigram, good sir, the boy replies.  
An epigram! remember what you bring,  
You know what follows if it has no sting.  
He said—when quickly by the painful smart,  
He found the rogue had not forgot the dart!

Remark.—When you have seen other countries,  
you will then know what value to affix to your own.

[The following curious anecdote of an ill-fated painter, is from the pen of the inimitable Goldsmith. We hardly know which most to admire, the pathos of the narrative, or the skill of the narrator.]

They who have seen the paintings of Caravaggio, are sensible of the surprising impression they make—God! swelling terrible to the last degree; he was animated, and speaks him among the foremost of his profession; yet this man's fortune and his fame seemed ever in opposition of each other.

Unknown how to flatter the great, he was driven from city to city, in the utmost indigence, and was obliged to paint for his bread. Having one day insulted a person of distinction, who refused to pay him the respect which he thought his due, he was obliged to leave Rome, and travel, on foot, his usual method of going his journeys into the country without either money or friends to subsist him. After he had travelled in this manner, as long as his strength would permit, faint with famine and fatigue, he at last called at an obscure inn by the road side. The host knew by the appearance of his guest, his indifferent circumstances, refused to furnish him with a dinner without previous payment.

As Caravaggio was entirely destitute of money, he took down the inn keeper's sign, and painted it anew for his dinner.

Thus refreshed, he proceeded on his journey, leaving the inn-keeper not quite satisfied with this new method of payment. Some company of distinction, however, coming soon after, and struck with the beauty of the new sign, bought it at an advanced price, and astonished the inn-keeper with their generosity; he was resolved therefore, to get as many signs as possible drawn by the same artist, as he found he could sell them to good advantage, and accordingly set out after Caravaggio, in order to bring him back. It was night-fall before he came to the place, where the unfortunate painter lay dead, by the road side, overcome by fatigue, resentment, and despair.

The late Oxford celebration, has given occasion for much pleasant among the wits, as well as serious commentary among the clergy. A Rector, or some other showman, thus addresses the gaping million who attended this interesting ceremony:—

"Walk in ladies and gentlemen, and see the famous African Lion from Bombay, in the West Indies. Here are a pair of Royal Tigers, one is a semblance of the Dey of Algiers, and the other is as like Bonaparte, as two peas! Here is a most gigantic male Ostrich, that chews iron bars, with as much facility as Cheshire cheese! Here is the wonderful Elephant that was brought to Ceylon in three ships! his sagacity is beyond description; he can translate a Hebrew Manuscript, at the command of his keeper, and will trace the quadrature of a circle with an elm tree, which he uses as a portable crayon! Here are a pair of Kangaroos from Botany Bay, and the female carries a family about with her, in her exterior pouch, like a Norwood Gipsy in a day's march! Here is likewise that wonder of wonders, (which was sought for in vain by the antique world, and, like *Diogenes'* honest man never expected to be found) I mean the *Black Swan*: This matchless bird was first discovered by an Embassy from the *Sieur Polito*, in the *terra incognita*, as the animal was amusing itself by dipping for gudgeons in troubled waters, like a hungry Attorney!"

## ANECDOTE.

This following anecdote lately occurred at Boston, A lady having cut an advertisement, out of a newspaper with an intention to send it to the printer for further information, pinned it upon her gown.—A gentleman (to whom she was partial) observing that it began with 'To Let' asked, at what price madam!—she looked at the piece, and perceiving his drift, answered, at the price of your hand, sir.

## THE MILL.

This house of wheels sure seems to look  
Much like a monstrous upden clock;  
Yet, with this difference one may say,  
Clocks tell how much Time steals away:  
But Millers manage *Time* so well,  
Though Mills clack loud, they never tell!



## AN EPILOGUE OF OPIE THE PAINTER.

We are informed, that the original of the following curious note is still in the possession of Dr. Wolcott.

"I promise to paint, for Dr. Wolcott, any picture or pictures he may demand, as long as I live; otherwise I desire the world will consider me as a disgruntled son of a b—h."

JOHN OPIE.

This is a curious document, and serves to show the opinion entertained by Opie, of the services rendered him by the doctor. Nor does it appear that he ever swerved from this voluntary obligation: but the reader will smile when he hears that he always made his friend pay 1. 61. for the canvas. Such are the eccentricities of men of genius!

Mr. Opie had not been long in London before his talents rendered him conspicuous. Through the recommendation of Dr. Wolcott, his pictures were shown to Mrs. Boscawen, and by this lady he was introduced to the late Mrs. Delancy. It was she that procured to our artist the royal notice. Having contrived an opportunity for the royal family to see his *Old Beggar Man*, the painter of that picture was soon afterwards honoured with a command to repair to Buckingham house. Opie's account of this affair was given, on his return, in a characteristic manner to the doctor, who has often heard him relate it with great humour.

"There was Mr. West," said John, "in the room and another gentleman. First, her Majesty came in: and I made a sad mistake in respect to her, till I saw her face, and discovered by her features that she was the queen. In a few minutes afterwards his Majesty came hopping in—I suppose," says John, "because he did not wish to frighten me. He looked at the pictures, and liked them—but he whispered to Mr. West—'tell the young man I can only pay a gentleman's price for them.' The one he bought was that of *A Man struck Blind by Lightning*, the price given was 10*l*. and with this John returned to the doctor full of spirits. His friend, when he heard the story, told him—'Why, John, thou hast only got eight pounds for thy picture.' Indeed but I have thought," cried John, "for I have got the ten pounds safe in my pocket." At this he showed him the money.—'Aye,' rejoined the doctor, 'but dost thou know that his Majesty has got the frame for nothing, and that was worth two pounds.' 'D—n it so he has,' cried John—I'll go back again and knock at the door and ask for the frame—'n it, I will.' He was about to proceed, but was dissuaded from it by his friend.

The consequence, however of this interview was, that he immediately became popular.

## The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 13, 1810

The city inspector reports the deaths of 33 persons, of whom 8 were men, 9 women, 6 boys, and 10 girls, viz: Of asthma 1, consumption 2, convulsions 4, dropsy 2, dropsy in the head 1, drowned 2, typhus fever 2, infantile flux 2, jaundice 1, inflammation of the brain 1, inflammation of the stomach 1, killed by a wound in the head 1, locked jaw 1, old age 3, pleurisy 1, still born 1, syphilis 1, teething 3 and one of whooping cough.

Hartford, September 26.

*Wonderful Escape.*—A few days since, a girl 31 years of age, living with Capt. Stephen Abbey, of Glastenbury, in attempting to draw a bucket of water from a well 50 feet deep, and 42 to the water, by accident fell headforemost into the well. She was not missed by the family, nor could she by any means make her situation known to them—she succeeded in extricating herself from her doleful situation by climbing up one side of the well, by the stones. In her fall she received a number of severe wounds on her

head, arms and hip—and in her ascending she covered her fingers with blood blisters by the great exertions in holding on by the stone—she was not by the fall, deprived of her reason and is now in a hopeful way of recovery.

Boston, September 22.

*Tornado.*—On Friday night a violent tornado did much damage in Badford, Newbury, &c. Wood lost, orchards, and fields of corn were prostrated; and in Bradford the house and barn of a Mr. Hardy were removed 25 rods, dashed to pieces, and one of four small children killed, and its mother dangerously wounded.

On the 4th inst. between 5 o'clock A. M. and 10 minutes after 8, P. M. Mary Simonds and Nancy Killey, of Hurland, spun on the common wheel and reel of 6 feet circumference, 247 knots of woolen yarn, of 40 threads each, weight, 4 pound 10 oz.

An unfeeling Wretch.—If the following facts are correctly stated, no language can describe the baseness of the villain here implicated:

"Capt. Fissel was stationed at St. Johns, N. B. in the fall of 1809. While at that city, the family of Miss Ann B—l—w were particularly attentive to him: Capt. F. being thus caressed, took occasion to request the company of this young lady (an only daughter) to a ball; on the enjoyment of the attendant pleasures on such occasions, he noted to her the (pretended) necessity of being on board his vessel at an early hour, and offered to attend her to her house, if agreeable, to which she readily complied, unsuspecting any base motives in him who had so liberally shared in their friendship; but to her utter confusion, instead of conducting her to her friends, this overgrown villain forced her to his boat which was waiting, took her on board his vessel, slipped his cables and made for sea—her friend however got knowledge of the trick, and arrived alongside before the brig got clear of the harbor, but to no purpose; they were ordered off with the threat of being fired into, and the hapless victim was taken to Bermuda, and there left friendless to seek her own support."

Windsor, Vermont, Sep. 24.

*Extraordinary Production.*—A *Pea Vine* was found last week in the field of Capt. Levi Churchill, of Woodstock, on which were growing 380 distinct Pods, containing 1520 Peas.

Three hundred houses were on the 9th of May destroyed at Newhaud, in Hungary, by the explosion of a powder Magazine. Eighty persons lost their lives, and near 200 were dug out of the ruins alive, but mutilated and dreadfully bruised.

*Translated from a Hamburg paper of the 25th. of June, 1810.*

Vienna, June 14,

Our celebrated physician de Carro, has by many trials, made the certain discovery, that the preserved and dried scab of the kine pock, even after several years, reproduces the genuine kine pock, and that in consequence the liquid fluid, which often is difficult to be obtained, may be entirely dispensed with. The dried scab is pulverised, and a very little thereof put on the lancet, previously moistened with spittle, and infused under the upper skin. The obvious advantage thereof is, that the dried scab can in this way be conveyed in letters to the most distant countries.

## COURT OF HYMEN

### MARRIED.

On Thursday the 27th ult. at Burlington, New Jersey, Mr. Isaac Collins, Jun. of the house of Mot and Collins, of this city, to Miss Margaret Morris, of the former place.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev John M. Neill, Mr. Abraham Ryerson, of Patterson, to Miss Dolly Ryerson, of the same place.

At Sag Harbor, L. I. on Sunday evening, 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Price, Mr. William J. Farman, merchant, of this city, to Miss Maria Parker, of the former place.

On Tuesday evening 25th of September, by the Rev. Mr. Gibson Mr. John Gard, merchant, to Miss Sarah Kennedy, daughter of Mr. James Kennedy, sen. both of Alexandria.

In Bradford, Mr. French, of Andover, to the amiable Miss Polly Mero.

A living wife he had before,  
Yet's not content without one more.

### MORTALITY.

#### DIED,

On Thursday the 27th ult. Mrs. Sophia Grenell, wife of Sloss H. Grenell.

In this city, Mr. Alexander Martin, Printer, a native of Boston, and formerly editor of the *Baltimore American*, aged 33.

At Georgetown, Col. William Augustine Washington, in the 53d year of his age.

On the 30th of July last, at the house of Judge Hallick, at the English settlement of Atukapas, Mississippi territory, Capt. Pascal S. Blagge, son of John Blagge, Esq. of this city—a most amiable young gentleman.

### WANTED,

An Apprentice to the Printing Business.  
Apply at this Office.

### FOR SALE,

At No. 82, Anthony-Street an Elegant Little Carriage for Children, completely finished, and will be sold on reasonable terms.

### COTTON BALLS AND BONNET WIRE.

American and English manufactured Cotton Balls and Bonnet Wires, the first quality, and of all numbers, for sale by

SAUNDERS AND LEONARD,  
119 William Street,

### PRINCE EGYPTIAN'S TINCTURE,

FOR THE TEETH AND GUMS.  
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

### CISTERNS

made and put in the ground, warranted tight, by DUNN AND ROTHERY,  
ROSE-STREET,  
Two doors from Pearl-Street

April 14

1104—4f

### WINDOW-BLINDS AND CISTERNS.

Window-Blinds of every description for Sale. Old Blinds repaired and painted in the neatest manner. Cisterns made, put in the ground and warranted tight by

C. ALFORD,  
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

DURABLE INK, FOR WRITING ON LINEN with a pen for sale at No. 3, Peck-Slip.

### WALKDEN'S BRITISH INK POWDER,

A fresh supply, just received and for sale at No. 3, Peck-Slip.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

*Anacreon has sung his barbiton, and Horace his lyre. Every modern magazine has its sonnets to guitars, æolian harps, etc. That you may not be excepted from the number, I send you the following address*

### TO A HAND ORGAN.

Out on your noise, yet blast it wight,  
That breaks my slumbers ilka night,  
Grind in your tunes for very spite  
Through thick and thin!  
Ye'd make a Christian swear outright  
To hear your din.

Sure you must be some smuttie ghost  
Let loose frae hell's infernal coast;  
Ane of auld Clootie's muckle host,  
An' yelpin choir,  
Sic as he keeps to skelp and roast  
Wi' brunstane fire.

Did ye but ken the pangs I feel  
To lay and list your cursed squeel,  
Ye wad na grind anither peal  
Sae harsh and deep;  
But gang in pitie to the deil,  
An' let me sleep.

There is na musick in your din,  
Nay, sic a discord ye begin,  
Ye jar the ve'y windows in  
Wi' tortured tune;  
If murder be a deadly sin,  
Ye'll rue it soon.

To please the deil auld Orpheus played,  
And for his wife's fiddlin' paid,  
Ou dhlphin's tail Arion rade  
The billows stripin',  
Baith drew the oaks frae hill to glade  
By dint o' pipin.

Put ye wad do things greater still;  
Your noise wad drawn a water mill,  
Ye'd scare the woods and split the hill,  
Sae great your powers,  
And ony mortal wight ye'd kill  
In half an hour.

If pilgrimage to holy shrine  
Wed stan your unco gration whine,  
Or ouse ye in the Red Sea's brine  
For aye to sleep;  
Right soon I'd make the penance mine,  
And think it cheap.

But if ye heed nor prayer nor spell,  
And winna stan that croakin' yell  
For a' poor bard can sing or tell,  
Or ony boon;  
I'll try if brickbats can avail  
To change your tune.

### ANECDOTE.

A shrewish wife pressing her husband to partake of some mock turtle soup, he civilly replied—No, my dear, I thank you, I have had a surfeit of mock turtle since I married.

**FILES OF THE WEEKLY MUSEUM.**  
FOR THE YEAR 1809,  
NEATLY BOUND,  
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

### WANTED.

An Apprentice to the Chair Making Business  
Apply at No. 8 Peck-Slip.

## MORALIST.

### DESCRIPTION OF NIGHT.

'All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead,  
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head:  
The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,  
And sleeping flowers beneath the night dew sweet.'

BY DEN.

How often have I heard the morning described by the poet and the philosopher in all its glowing colours and just reproaches hurled against those who lose its cheering influence and fascinating beauties in the arms of the somnific deity! That man is extolled as wise, who retires to rest with the setting, and rises with the orient sun. But night with all her glories, is neglected: and it should seem as if heaven had displayed the most awfully majestic and brilliant part of the creation as unworthy the praise or contemplation of man. The objects which now surround me and the sensations which I enjoy are sufficient to convince me that every portion of the stupendous works has its peculiar charms: and particularly night, for sublimity and diversity of objects, affords food for the mind, best calculated to impress it with just ideas of the Omnipotent; and displays nature in a dress by no means inferior to that of day; so that in my opinion, the man who regularly rises and retires with the sun, loses some of the fairest portion of his time, and most interesting beauties of the creation.

### JOHN I. VANDERPOOL.

LATE PARTNER TO JAMES M. SMYLYE,  
Respectfully informs the Ladies of this city, and his friends in general that he has taken that convenient stand at No. 101, Greenwich-street, very near Reector-street where he intends to carry on the Ladies Shoe Making, in all its various branches, in the neatest and most fashionable manner. The public may depend upon the strictest attention being paid to their commands. The subscriber's long and unremitted attention to the business for upwards of ten years in the first shops in this city he hopes will entitle him to a share of the public patronage.

Likewise, Gentlemen may have Boots, and Shoes made in the most fashionable manner and at the shortest notice.

J. I. Vanderpool intends to keep none but the very best materials and workmen which will enable him by strict attention to give general satisfaction. Ladies and Gentlemen, by sending their messages shall be personally attended to at their respective abodes, and their orders thankfully received and executed with the strictest attention, being determined to spare no pains or exertions to merit the favours of a generous public.

August 13

1122—f

**REEVE'S WATER COLORS IN BOXES,**  
Of various sizes just received, and for sale Cheap,  
No. 3, PECK-SLIP.

### CHAMBER LIGHT AT NIGHT.

The floating Wax Tapers, which will burn ten hours and not consume more than a spoonful of oil, will be found exceedingly cheap and convenient. They give a good and sufficient light—may be burnt in a wine glass, Tumbler or any similar vessel—and are perfectly safe, as no sparks will emit from them.

They are recommended to the physician, the sick and others who may require or wish a light during the night.

They are sold at C. Harrison's Book-Store, No. 3, Peck-Slip, in boxes containing 50 tapers, at 50 cents per box.

1103

## CARBONIC OR CHARCOAL DENTRIFICE,

CHYMICALLY PREPARED

BY NATHANIEL SMITH,

Wholesale and Retail Perfumer, at the Golden Rose  
No. 150, Broad-Way, New York.

Among the various complaints to which the human body is subject, there are perhaps, none more universal than those of the Teeth and Gums, and though there is no immediate danger yet they are often both very troublesome and extremely painful. The teeth being that part of the human frame by which the voice is considerably modulated, without considering what an addition to beauty a fine set of teeth are, that any person sensible of these things, must undoubtedly wish to preserve them.

Nathaniel Smith having made Chymical Perfumery his study for thirty years in London and America, besides his apprenticeship has had an opportunity of gaining great information on this subject and others in his line, the Carbonic or Charcoal Dentrifice, Chymically prepared, Smith would now offer the public, is of a superior quality for whitening the teeth and preserving the gums fastening in those that are loose making them firm and strong preventing rotten and decaying teeth from growing worse, and prevents severe and acute tooth aches; it takes off all that thick corrosive matter and tartary substance that gathers round the base of the tooth which if suffered to remain, occasions a disagreeable smell in the breath eats the enamel from the teeth, and destroys the gums.

Those persons who wish to have the comforts of a good set of teeth, are particularly requested to make use of Smith's Carbonic or Charcoal Dentrifice, chymically prepared as it can be warranted not to contain any of those acid and acrimonious substances which only create a temporary whiteness, but in the end destroys the enamel occasions severe pains and rottenness of the teeth; these with many other inconveniences which arise from bad Tooth-Powders are entirely removed by using Smith's Carbonic or Charcoal Dentrifice chymically prepared.

Nathaniel Smith has taken the greatest pains to have the materials of the best quality and made in the most skillful manner for those things when made by unskilful hands, greatly injures what it was at first intended to adorn.

N. Smith has this dentrifice particularly made under his own inspection.

40 per box.

March 10

1099—tf

### S. GARDETTE SURGEON DENTIST,

Has the pleasure to acquaint the Ladies, and Gentlemen of this city, that he is returned from his Summer Tour, and has resumed the practice of his profession as heretofore, at No. 26 William-street, nearly opposite the Post Office.

The celebrity he has gained, in his method of extracting teeth, is sufficiently known so as not to require his saying any thing on that subject; he will only observe, that such Teeth or stumps of Teeth, as are considered by many too difficult for extraction, he gives his positive assurance of being able to remove with a slight degree of pain.

He remedies to the loss of Teeth, by replacing artificial ones, from one tooth to a complete set, on a principle that render them, not only useful, but secure and unobscurable in appearance.

Tarter which is the principal destroyer of Teeth should be removed with the greatest precaution for which reason, S. Gardette has provided himself with Instruments, the invention of the celebrated LAROCHE of PARIS, that are perfectly safe, and answer the desired purpose.

His anti-carbonic Elixir and Dentrifice for the teeth and gums, may be had as above.

### PLAYING CARDS.

Best American, and English Playing Cards,  
by the Pack, or dozen,  
For sale at No. 3, Peck-Slip.

### NEW-YORK,

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NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANN